



# Changing The Story



👁 32 ✓ 2 ★ 5

## Chapter 1 by Holly Jessen

We are given books of our life events that happen when we are born.. if you dont complete theses events before you die they take you. Believe me I dont want to go but if I dont im scared of what will happen.

## Chapter 2 by Laura Frost



I don't want to die. But I don't want to live, either. I've met the person who's going to kill me before.

She's a hero. The Hero. And me, I'm the Villain.

Tomorrow, Amelia Daring is going to kill me, liberate the world, and go down in history as the greatest hero to ever live. I, will be known as the greatest dictator ever known.

I've seen my future. And... I want Amelia to win. She's a good person. She cares about everyone. She might even care about me. The world will be a better place when I'm gone.

I never wanted to hurt anyone. But that was my story, so I did what I was told out of fear. But I'm not afraid anymore.

See more of Story Wars

Death doesn't scare me. I will follow my path. I will complete my story, even though I don't want to.

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What I want doesn't really matter, does it? It never has.

I'm just a puppet.

Somebody else is pulling my strings.

### Chapter 3 by Laura Frost



I'm sitting on my throne, dressed in various shades of black with an obsidian crown on my head, looking delightfully evil, when Amelia Daring bursts into the room, long blond perfect hair whipping about her head. She is wearing her typical rebel hero getup, and smells faintly of smoke and heroism.

She always smells like heroism. It's a thing.

"Amelia Daring. Made it past my defenses, did you?"

"Nothing can stop me, for I have the Power Of Good and a Pure Heart! I, Amelia Daring, swear that this day, your reign of terror will end! Octavia Sparrow will never harm another being!"

She has nice eyes.

Fuck. Okay. Back to the script.

I laugh maniacally. "You don't stand a chance against me and my..." I sweep my arm and gesture grandly to the curtain to my left. It pulls away, revealing "MY DEATH RAY!"

"What evils do you plan to do now, Villain?"

"Tell me, Daring, you were born in Glow City, were you not?" I stand up, move a few paces away from my throne, and look down at her with a smug look on my face. "You have family there, don't you? Parents. A little brother and sister."

"No! I won't let you harm them!"

I won't, and we both know it. That's not how the story goes. "Surrender. Or your precious Glow City will be wiped off of the map." See more of Story Wars

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She stands straighter, fire in her eyes. "Then I will surrender." She puts her hands out in front of her.

I step of the dais and move closer towards Amelia.

Her communicator, attached to her belt, beeps. "the power's down! Repeat! The power is down!"

Amelia grins, full of heroism and glory, and says "That's all I needed to hear. Your Death Ray is useless now! Surrender!"

I'm only a few paces away. "Ha! My death ray has a backup generator!" I pull out a remote and dramatically point it towards the death ray. "Nothing can stop me now! MUA HA HA HA HA!!" I swing my other arm out wide, leaving my chest and head exposed.

Now.

Shoot me now.

My story ends here.

"NOOOOOOOOO!!!!" Amelia screams, and tackles me to the ground. The remote is knocked out of my hands, and we land awkwardly. Amelia is on top of me.

aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaawe're touching aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaher hands are in my hair aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

Shit up brain oh my god shut up.

'But Octavia,' my brain tells me, 'Amelia is touching your hair!'

True. But.

I shove her off me and shove the screaming part of my brain away. "What are you doing! You're supposed to shoot me! That's how the story goes! I die, you win, the entire planet lives happily ever after!"

'Everyone except you.' She adjusts her hair and stands up. "You don't get a happily ever after!"

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On my god. She CARES about me. She cares! ABOUT ME!

Focus.

"That's not important! We didn't follow the story, and now we're both going to..." Panic rises in my throat. I wasn't afraid of dying, but I am afraid of this. "We're going to disappear."

She extends a hand down to me. "Then come with me. Don't let them take you away."

The screaming part of my brain has decided that now is the perfect time to make a comeback.

"Well?"

I take her hand, and we run.

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